

CGE

BRIAN PULIDO'S

1 \$2.95
MARCH \$4.75 CAN

CGE

Lady Death

Brian Pulido
Ivan Reis
Marc Campos
Chris Blythe



A MEDIEVAL TALE

Why a new Lady Death?

When I created Lady Death I had outlined several paths for her to take. One path was the one readers have enjoyed for the last nine years. The other is the one you now hold in your hands. This is a medieval world populated by knights, fantastic characters, Goth gods from dark realms, and a woman cursed. When I shared this vision with Mark Alessi, he saw that it fit in great with the CrossGen line. As such, you are now cordially invited to come on an epic journey called LADY DEATH: A MEDIEVAL TALE.

Dedication: To Steven Hughes, my co-conspirator, who started all this mad magic with me and to all the Chaos Comics fans far and wide for their loyalty, trust and fierceness.

Acknowledgements: I'd like to thank Mark Alessi, Gina Villa, Barbara Kesel, Chuck Dixon, Ron Marz, and Tony Bedard for their invaluable help during the incubation of this story.

— Brian Pulido
January 2003

Brian Pulido
Writer

Tyran Keis
Penciller

Marc Campos
Inker

Chris Blythe
Colorist

OSCAR GONGORA
Letterer

Barbara Kesel
Editor

Ian M. Feller
Managing Editor

Mark Alessi Publisher & CEO • **Gina M. Villa** Chief Operating Officer • **Michael A. Beattie** Chief Financial Officer
Jennifer Hernandez General Counsel • **Tony Panaccio** Vice President Product Development
Chris Oarr Vice President Sales & Marketing • **Robert Boyd** Director Marketing • **James Breitbell** Director Marketing & Distribution
Courtland Whited MIS Director • **Gabo Mendoza** Internet Services Director • **Charles Oecker** Director Production Control
Brian M. Solits Controller • **Brandan Peterson** Vice President Special Projects • **Barbara Kesel** Head Writer • **Bart Sears** Art Director
Michael Atiyeh, **Butch Guice**, **Dave Lanphear**, **Rick Magyar**, **Laura Martin**, **Mark Pennington** & **Andy Smith** Assistant Art Directors
Pam Davies Vice President Production • **Sylvia Bretz** Production Supervisor Advertising/Web • **Erin Flanagan** Web Designer
Janet Bechtie Production Supervisor Books • **Randy Martin** Production Designer • **Michelle Pugliese** Freelance Coordinator

Brian Pulido's Lady Death: A Medieval Tale™ Vol. 1, Issue 1, MARCH 2003. FIRST PRINTING. Published by CG Entertainment, Inc. Office of publication: 4023 Tempa Road, Suite 2400, Oldsmar, Florida 34677. Code 6 Comics™ is a division of CrossGeneration Comics, Inc. The CG Entertainment logo™, CG Entertainment™, the Code 6 Comics logo™, Code 6 Comics™ and Code 6™ are Trademark and Copyright 2003 CrossGeneration Comics, Inc. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. The stories, incidents and characters in this publication are fictional. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express written consent of Code 6 Comics. PRINTED IN CANADA.




NOVGOROD,
1207 A.D.

MAKE
PEACE WITH
YOUR GODS,
BOY.

IF I
DIE BEFORE
I WAKE...





A knight in armor, Wolfram von Bach, is mounted on a black horse and is attacking a man on the ground. The knight is holding a sword and has a purple cape. The man on the ground is wearing a green tunic and is looking up at the knight. The background is a fiery orange and yellow. There are several speech bubbles containing text.

IRON.
THE BEASTIES
CAN'T STAND
IRON. ITS
TOUGH *BURNS*
THEM.

BUT
IRON TO
THE HEART?
DEADLY.

UGH...UGH...
UNH...UNH...

WOLFRAM
VON BACH,
TEUTONIC KNIGHT
UNDER ORDERS
OF POPE PAUL V,
AT YOUR
SERVICE.

LET'S GET
YOU OUT OF
HERE. WHAT DO
THEY CALL
YOU, BOY?

ARTHUR.

WHAT IS
HAPPENING?

"THE BEASTIES ARE THE **ELDRITCH**,
ARTHUR. THEY'RE A NEAR-IMMORTAL
RACE FROM REALMS BEYOND.

"THEY CALL THIS ATTACK
SPORT. THE WILD HUNT.

"THEY KILL
FOR PLEASURE."





WHERE IS TVARUS?

OH THE VILLAGE OUTSKIRTS

SOMETIMES I THINK MY BROTHER LACKS THE STOMACH FOR BATTLE.

ATTACK!



TVARUS!



YOU
TEASE
ME.



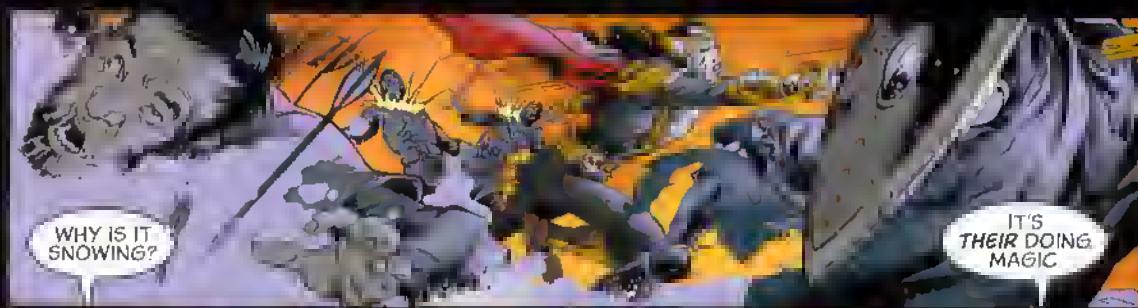
NOTHING
COULD BE
FURTHER FROM
THE TRUTH, MARION.
I LAY MY HEART
BEFORE YOU. I'VE
BEEN ENTRANCED
SINCE I FIRST
GAZED UPON
YOU.

I HAD
TO SEE
YOU.

COME
TO ME,
TVARUS.



COME
CLOSE.



WHY IS IT
SNOWING?

IT'S
THEIR DOING
MAGIC



WHY DO
THEY HATE
US?

THE
ELDRITCH ARE
AFRAID. THEY'VE
LIVED FOR AGES
UNDISTURBED AND
THEN HUMANITY
CAME ALONG.

WE ARE
MANY AND
THEY ARE
FEW.

UMPH!

WE
DON'T
FEAR
YOU.



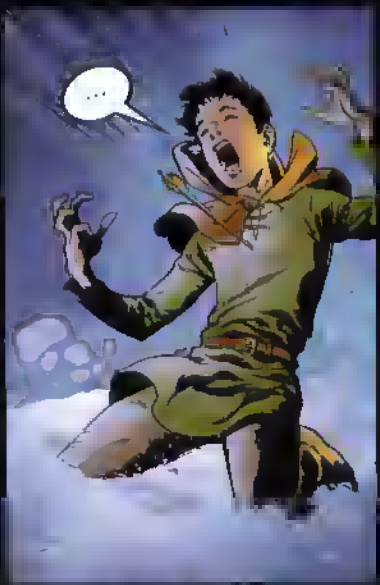
YOUR
EXISTENCE
IS SIMPLY
INCONVENIENT
TO OURS.

STAY
BACK, ARTHUR.
THEY'RE FAST.



CLANG

NO!



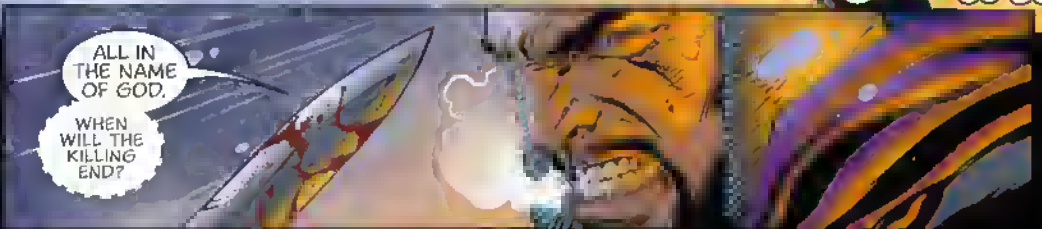
I'VE HAD
ENOUGH!

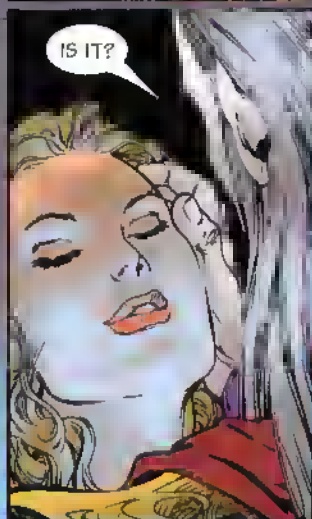
ENOUGH OF
THE TREACHERY,
THE BLASPHEMY,
AND THE
KILLING.



ALL IN
THE NAME
OF GOD.

WHEN
WILL THE
KILLING
END?





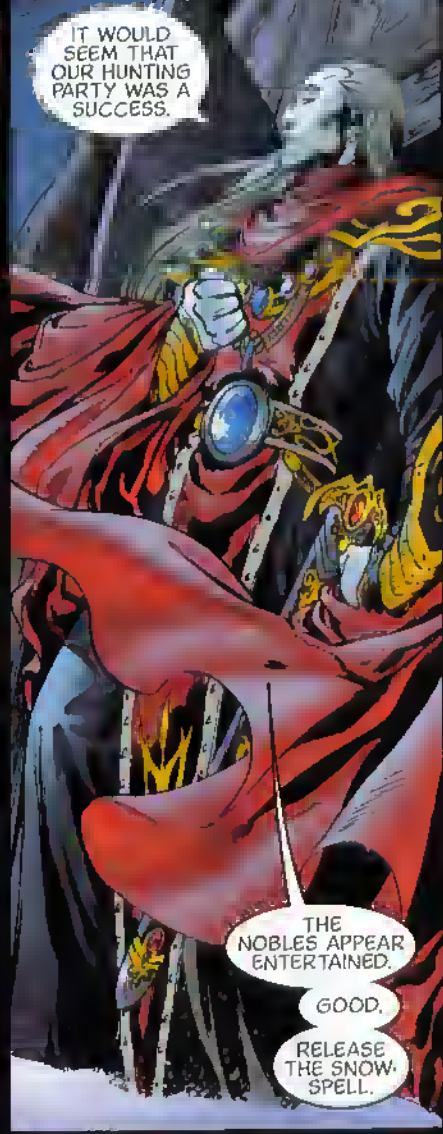


IN THE
NAME OF
THE FATHER,
THE SON, AND
THE HOLY
GHOST.

ENOUGH!



IT WOULD
SEEM THAT
OUR HUNTING
PARTY WAS A
SUCCESS.



THE
NOBLES APPEAR
ENTERTAINED.

GOOD.

RELEASE
THE SNOW-
SPELL.



YOU!
YOU'RE THEIR
LEADER!

BROTHER!

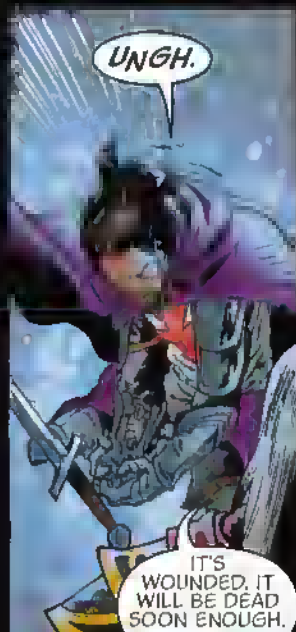
HOLD,
THORM. I
SHALL DEAL
WITH THIS.



HAS THERE
NOT BEEN ENOUGH
BLOOD SPILLED
THIS NIGHT?

NO, NOT
ENOUGH.
YOU STILL
LIVE.

THEY
BREED LIKE
ROACHES,
TVARUS. KILL IT,
BROTHER.



UNGH.

IT'S
WOUNDED. IT
WILL BE DEAD
SOON ENOUGH.



WAR,
ALWAYS WAR. IS
THERE NO COMMON
GROUND FOR OUR
PEOPLE?

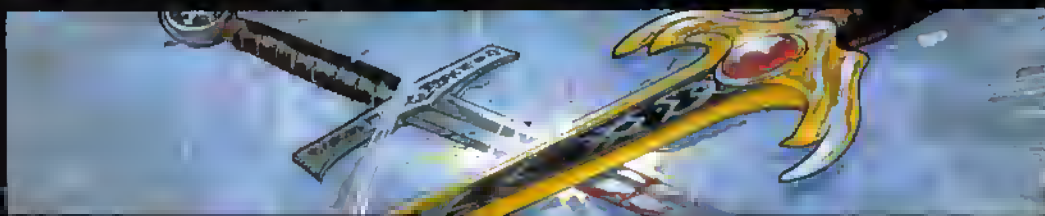


ENOUGH.
WE GO.

YES,
BEFORE YOU
BECOME TOO
FOND OF HUMAN
FLESH.

LET IT
LIVE TO SPREAD
THE TALE. THE YOUNG
VILLAGERS WILL THEN
KNOW BETTER THAN
TO ENCROACH ON
OUR LANDS.

WE GO.





HOW
COULD YOU
PLACATE THAT
ANIMAL?

IT
HUMORS ME,
THORM.

AND THE
WOMAN? THE
NOBLES WILL
QUESTION YOUR
ACTIONS.

ONLY IF
YOU ALERT THEM,
BROTHER, AND I
RECOMMEND THAT
YOU DO NOT. HAVE
I MADE MYSELF
CLEAR?

INDEED.



TVARUS!




UGH!

HELP.



TVARUS?
WHAT--?

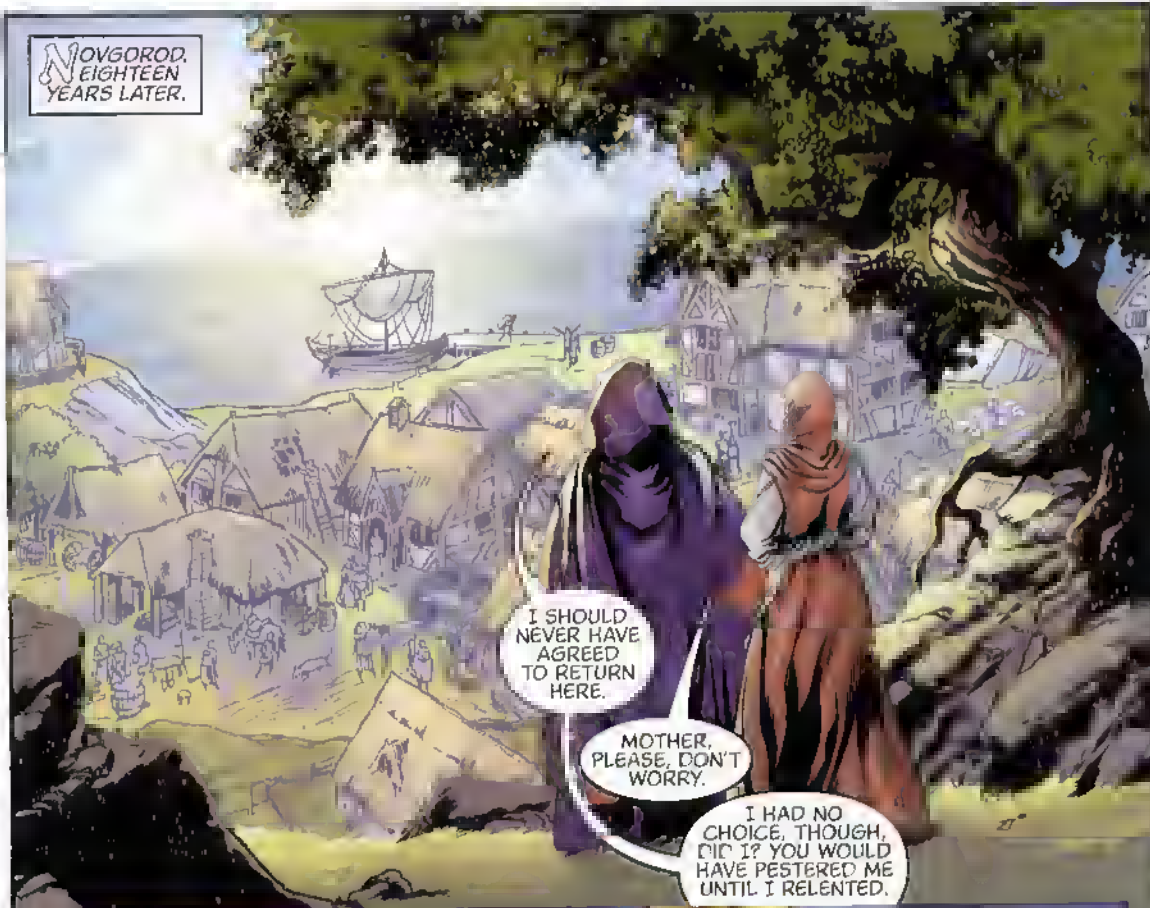
POSSESSED
SHE MUST BE
POSSESSED

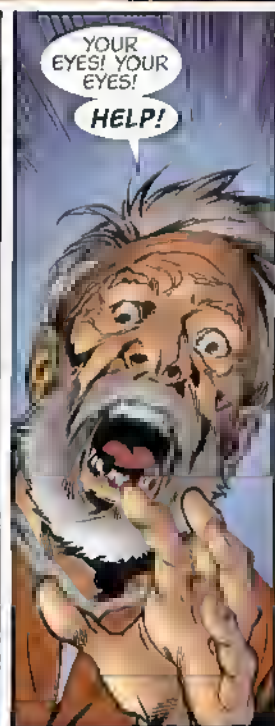
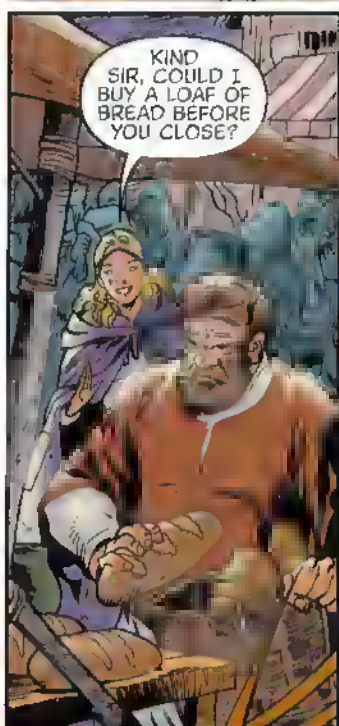
A full-page comic book illustration. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a blue dress and a purple cape, is running towards the viewer. She has a look of shock or fear on her face, with her mouth open. The background is a chaotic, fiery landscape with smoke, fire, and skeletal remains of structures. The sky is a mix of orange, yellow, and purple. The overall tone is dramatic and intense.

OH, DEAR
LORD! TVARUS,
WHAT HAVE YOU
DONE?

WHAT
HAVE YOU
DONE?

NOVGOROD.
EIGHTEEN
YEARS LATER.







FATHER,
WHAT HAVE
I DONE?

I DON'T
SEE ANYTHING
WRONG WITH HER
EYES, HENRY. AND
SHE DOESN'T TURN
AWAY FROM THE
HOLY CROSS.

HAVE
YOU BEEN
DRINKING
AGAIN, MY
SON?



I KNOW WHAT I SAW,
FATHER. HER EYES WERE
BLANK, THEN THEY CAME
BACK. SHE'S **ELDRITCH**.
I TELL YOU.



THE CROSS
HAS NO EFFECT
ON HER. THEY
CAN'T STAND
THE CROSS.

SHE'S
TOO PERFECT.
SHE MUST BE
A WITCH!



I THINK HENRY HAS
BEEN WITHOUT A
WOMAN FOR
TOO LONG.

HAHAHAHA

GO ON,
LAUGH. WHAT IF
THEY'RE COMING
BACK?

I KNOW
WHAT I SAW.
SHE HAO THEIR
EYES.

WAIT.
THE OLOER
WOMAN.

MARION?

THERE'S
A TAVERN UP
AHEAD.

WE'D BEST
KEEP MOVING.
THEY OON'T LIKE
OUTSIDERS HERE.

NONSENSE. HE'S
JUST ONE OLD
MAN. COME IN OUT
OF THE RAIN,
MOTHER.

A ROOM,
PLEASE.

WHAT'S A
BEAUTIFUL THING
LIKE YOU OING
OUT IN THE
RAIN?

DO
YOU HAVE
A ROOM OR
NOT?

YOU'RE
A FROSTY
ONE, EH?

I TELL YA,
AND SHE HAO
NO EYES!

HENRY'S
CONVINCED IT'S
THE ELORITCH
RETURNING!

EXACTLY!
CHARLES,
ANOTHER ROUND
FOR THE
BOYS!

MOTHER.
WHAT'S
HAPPENING TO
ME? THE LAST FEW
WEEKS, I **KNOW**
SOMETHING IS
GOING ON.

YOU'RE
FINE,
DEAR.

WHAT
AREN'T YOU
TELLING ME,
MOTHER?

WE'VE
WANDERED THE KNOWN
LANDS MY WHOLE LIFE. WE'VE
NEVER STAYED ANYWHERE LONG
ENOUGH TO TOUCH DOWN
ROOTS. AND YOU'VE AVOIDED
THIS PLACE LIKE IT HAS
THE PLAGUE.

THAT'S WHY
I WANTED TO
COME HERE. THIS
PLACE HOLDS
THE KEY.

WHY DOES
NOVGOROO
FRIGHTEN YOU
SO? **TELL**
ME!



YOU
KNOW OF THE
ELDRITCH?

I'VE
HEARD THE
LEGENDS.
GO ON.

GOD
FORGIVE ME,
I CAN'T! WE
MUST LEAVE
NOW, TRUST
ME.

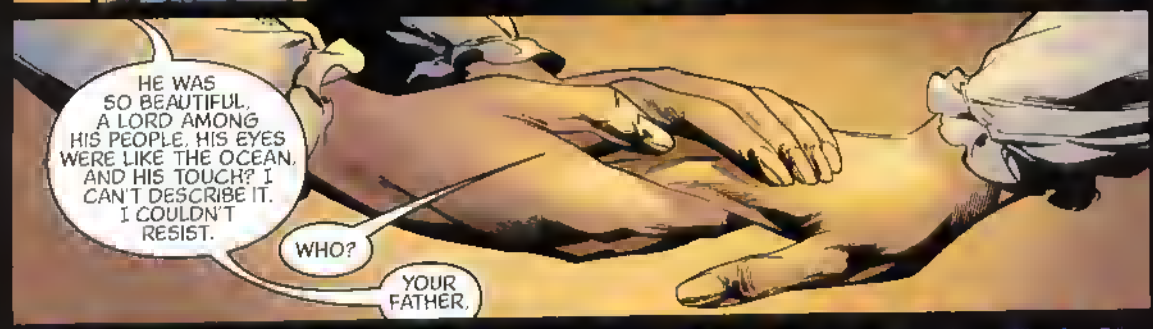


WILLIAM, HAVE YE
HEARD? A WITCH
PASSED THROUGH
TODAY.

AND ONE
CHECKED INTO
THE TAVERN
TONIGHT.

WHAT
DID SHE
LOOK
LIKE?

SHE WAS
PERFECT.



HE WAS
SO BEAUTIFUL.
A LORD AMONG
HIS PEOPLE. HIS EYES
WERE LIKE THE OCEAN.
AND HIS TOUCH? I
CAN'T DESCRIBE IT.
I COULDN'T
RESIST.

WHO?

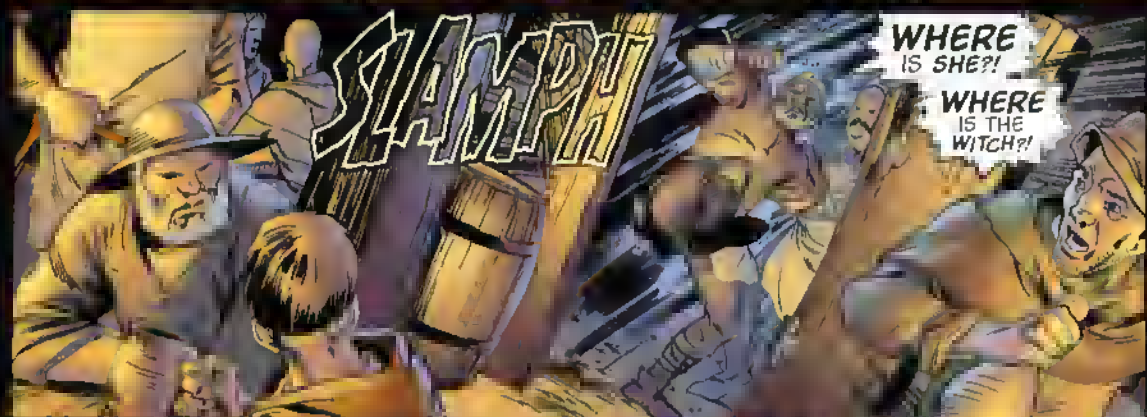
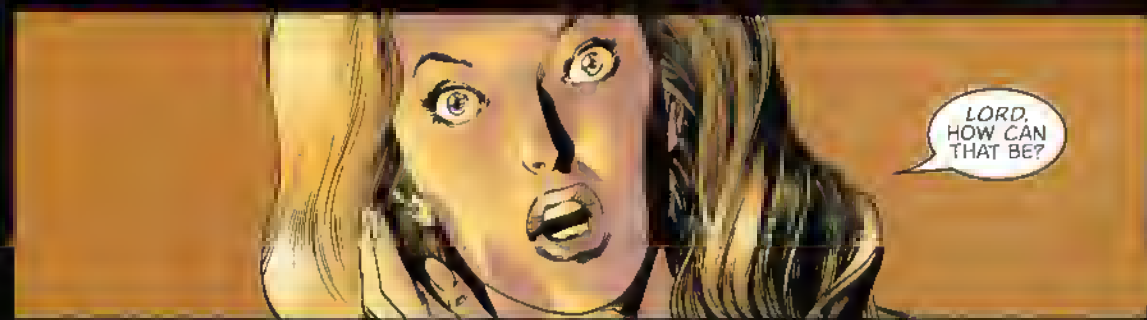
YOUR
FATHER.



ARE
WE GOING TO
LET ELDRITCH
BACK INTO OUR
VILLAGE?

NO!

THEY
TOOK MY SON,
ARTHUR. THEY
WON'T TAKE
ANY MORE.

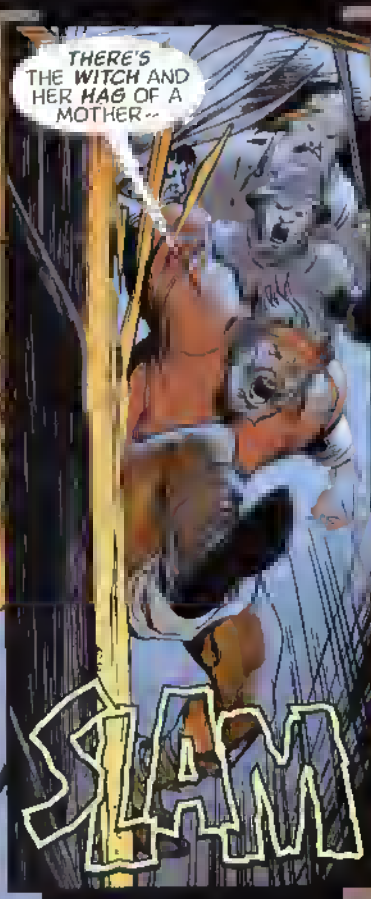




YOU DON'T HAVE TO
BE EMBARRASSED,
MOTHER.

WHAT
WAS MY
FATHER'S
NAME?

WAIT
FOOTSTEPS
THEY'RE
COMING.



THERE'S
THE WITCH AND
HER HAG OF A
MOTHER...

SLAM



GET
THEM!

PLEASE!
LEAVE US
BE!



MOTHER!



HOPE!

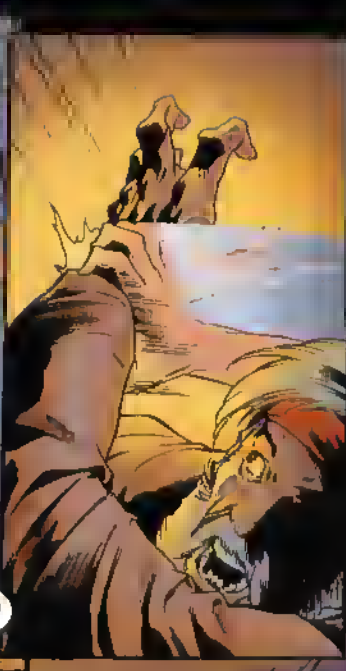
IS THAT WHY
YOU DISAPPEARED
AFTER THE ATTACK,
MARION?



SLAP

WE THOUGHT
YOU DEAD.

INSTEAD
YOU CONSORTED
WITH THEM.

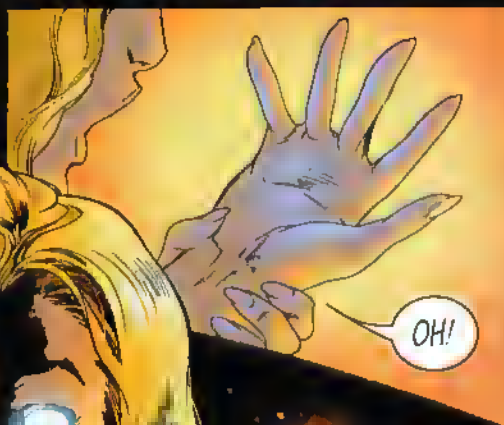
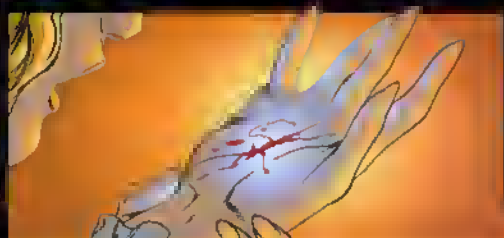


YOU
HAVE NO
RIGHT TO
TOUCH
HER!

I HAVE
EVERY
RIGHT, SHE IS
A TRA~



MARY,
MOTHER OF
GOD, SHE
MOVES LIKE
THEM.



HER
EYES!

THEY'RE
SOULLESS!

SHE IS
ONE OF
THEM!



TO THE RIVER!

TONIGHT,
WE AVENGE
ALL THOSE WHO
DIED IN THIS
VILLAGE.

MOTHERS
LOST CHILDREN.
WIVES LOST
HUSBANDS. DID
THE ELDRITCH
CARE? NO!

THEY
THOUGHT
WE WERE
SPORT!



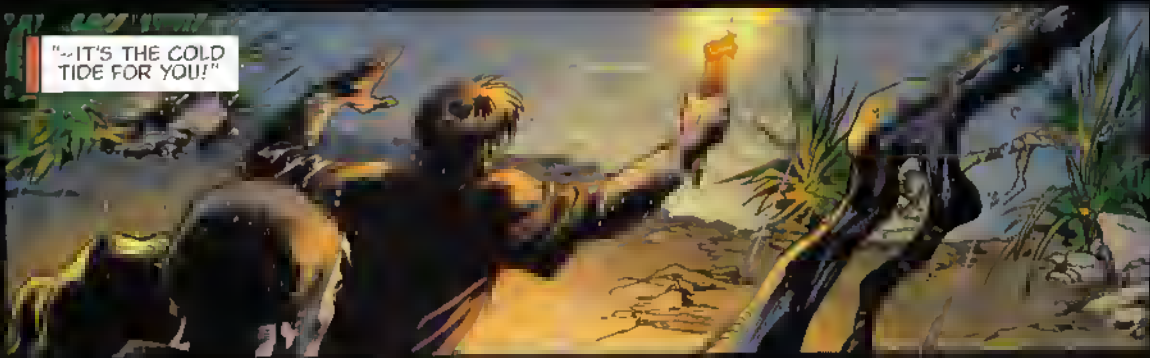
AND I
LOST MY ARTHUR.
HE WASN'T MUCH,
HE WASN'T EVEN
HANDY, BUT HE
LOVED ME.

A FATHER
SHOULDN'T
OUTLIVE HIS
SON!

WE
DIDN'T HAVE
ANYTHING
TO DO WITH
THAT!



FORKED.
TONGUED DEVIL.
YOU'LL SAY ANYTHING
TO SAVE YER HIDE, BUT
IT'S NO USE--



"...IT'S THE COLD
TIDE FOR YOU!"



HOPE!

MOTHER,
NO!



NO
BEWITCHING
WORDS FROM YOU,
TRAITOR!

KERACK

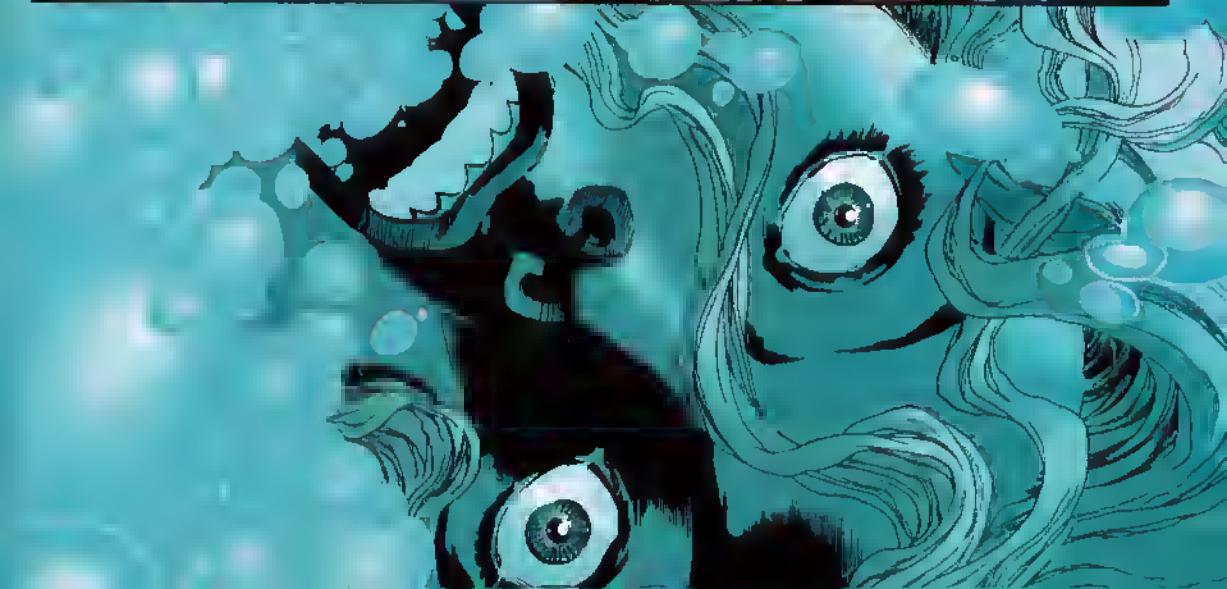
!

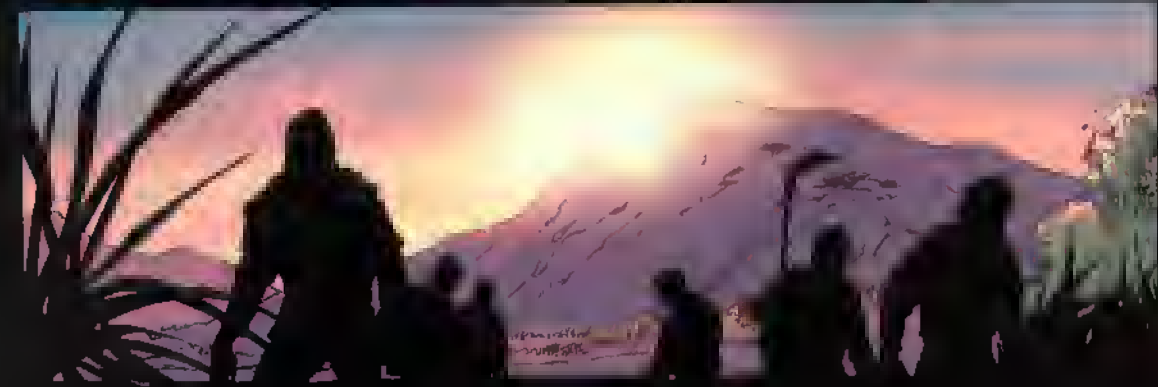


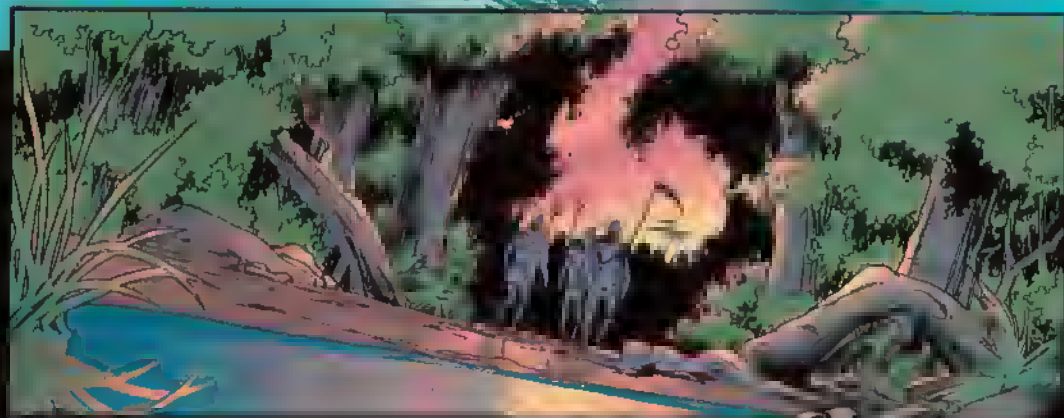
MOTHER!
NOOOOO!

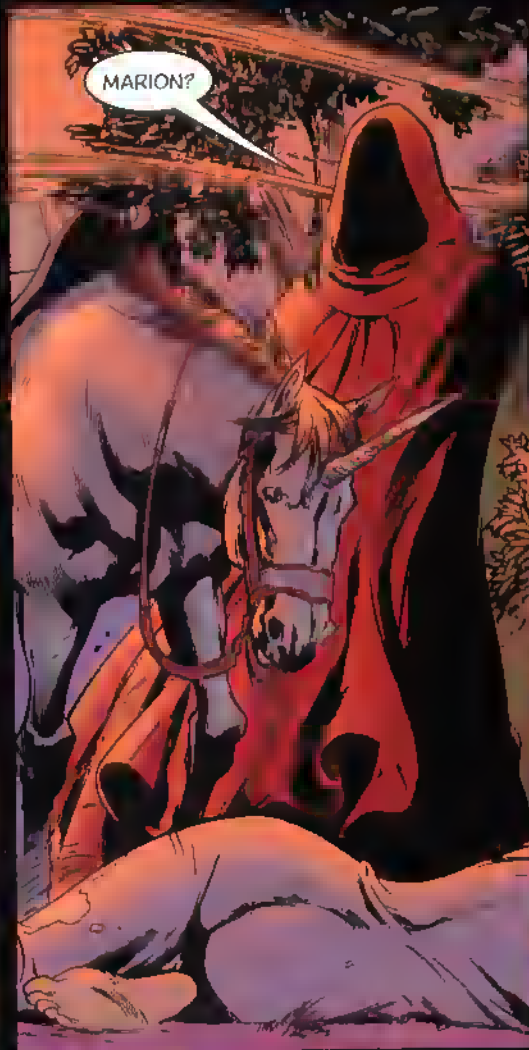
THIS IS
A MESSAGE
TO YOUR
CLAN.
WE
WON'T TAKE IT
ANYMORE.

OUR
DYIN' IS
DONE.









MARION?



MY SWEET?



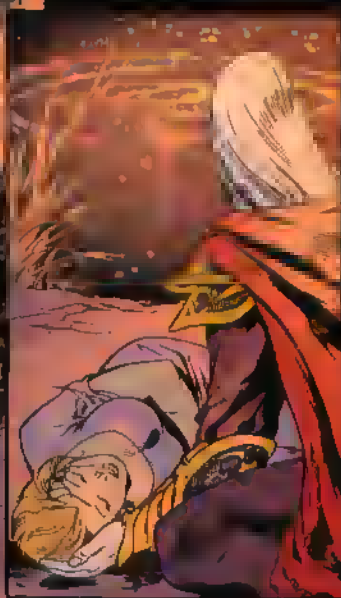
ASTRAGALUS,
LORD OF CHAOS,
GIVE ME THE
STRENGTH. LET
MY SPELL BE
ENOUGH.



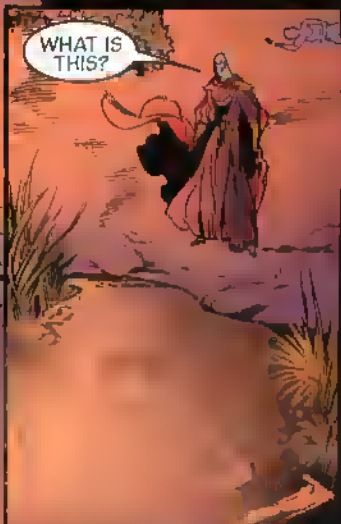
MARION,
COME
BACK.

AND HERE I
THOUGHT I'D
FOUND YOU
AGAIN.

I'VE LIVED
TWENTY MEN'S
LIFETIMES, AND
ONE NIGHT WITH
YOU MADE ME FEEL
MORE ALIVE THAN
ALL MY DAYS
COMBINED.



WHAT IS
THIS?



ANOTHER?

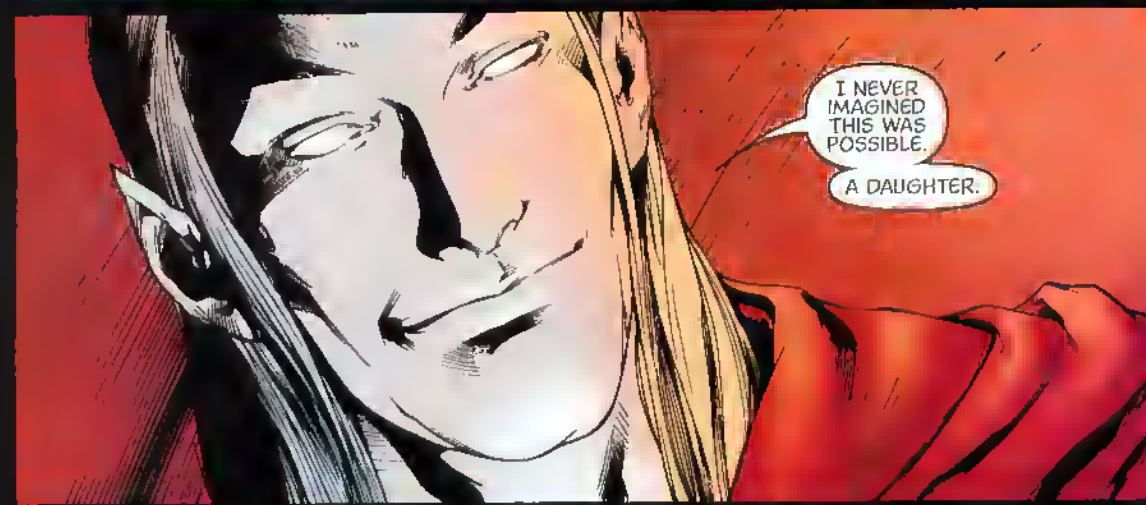




HERE, MY
BLOOD, BE
TOUCHED BY
MY MAGIC.



LET
IT FILL
YOU.



I NEVER
IMAGINED
THIS WAS
POSSIBLE.
A DAUGHTER.



COME
BACK.



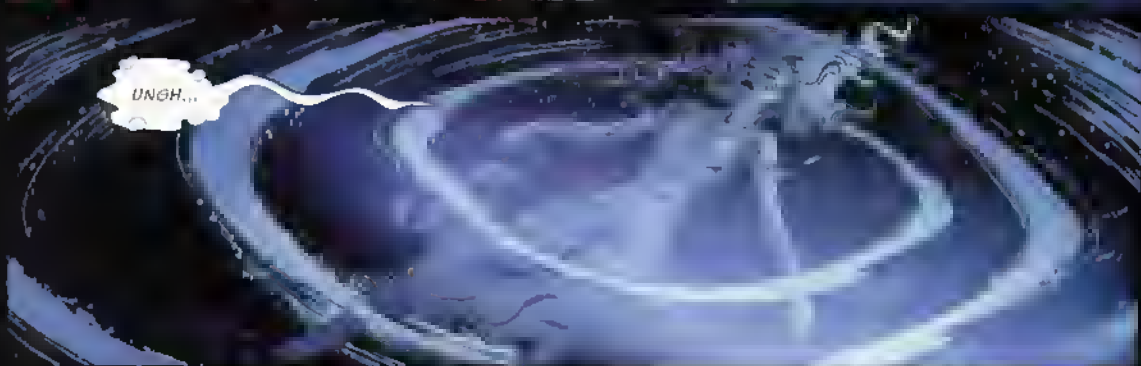
HOW
SAD.
MORTAL
LIFE IS SO
FRAGILE, SO
FLEETING--
LIKE A DREAM.



I SHOULD KNOW
BETTER THAN TO
BECOME INVOLVED
WITH THEIR KIND. THE
GRIEF IS TOO MUCH
TO BEAR--



--BUT
ONLY THROUGH
THEM CAN I FEEL
AS IF I HAVE
A SOUL.



UNGH...




GET YOUR
HANDS
OFF... WHA...
SOMETHING
SURGING
THROUGH
ME...

A-AM I-I
ALIVE?




OR
IS THIS
DEATH?

EITHER
WAY--



THEY
WILL ALL
HAVE HELL
TO PAY!

TO KNOW HER
IS TO KNOW A
WOMAN CURSED.



NEXT MONTH...



RESURRECTION

BRIAN PULIDO'S

Lady Death

A MEDIEVAL TALE

ISSUE #2 ON SALE MARCH 12th

